

ends, for Instance, the dirge for Umbro the
 Marsian, the
 leech whose skill in healing others could not
 save him
 when he went down before the Dardan
 spear:

neque eum juvere in vulnera cantus
 Somniferi et Marsis quaesitae in montibus
 herbae,
 Te nemus Anguitiae, vitrea te Fucinus
 umbra,
Te liquid! flevete lacus.

Thy hurts not all day drowsy chants could
 heal.

Nor all the magic herbs on Marsian hills.
 The glassy shadows of the Fucine lake
 Did weep for thee, for thee Anguitia's grove,
 For thee the watery meres.

Even Virgil could hardly have added to
 that without
 taking something away. The grasshopper
 that, when a
 string broke in the middle of a musical
 contest at Delphi,
 perched on the Greek minstrel's lyre to
 supply the missing
 notes, was not a happier collaborator than
 silence here be-
 comes. So, too, with the silent music of the
 ever-varying
 pauses in Virgil's verse, or Shakespeare's,
 or Milton's;
 and again how many of our lyric measures
 owe half
 their beauty simply to the pleasure of the
 ear in finding
 a line shortened and its expected symmetry
 of sound
 replaced by a sudden peace! That is a charm
 as old as
 Sappho and as modern as Tennyson and
 Swinburne;
 who gave new youth to worn-out stanzas,
 as Medea
 with her knife to Aeson, simply by lopping
 their closing
 cadences—for instance, in the metres of 'The
 Palace of
 Art', 'A Dream of Fair Women', or 'Dolores':

'It would be better without the last half-line.' But that
 is forcing the
 evidence. The couplet is, appropriately enough, about
 silence:

Desierant latrare canes urbesque silebant;
 Omnia noctis erant placida composita quiete.

The Greek original in Apollonius Rhodius is far finer:
 ou8E KWOOV OAOK-rj ET' ocvcc TrroAtv, oO Opoo\$ fjev